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UNDERTAKER
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Telephone 79

LAHOMA

By JOHN
BRECKENRIDGE
ELLIS

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CHAPTER XIX.
Mine Enemy!

WILLOCK took the first train south and rode with the car window up—the outside breath was the breath of balmy summer though the trees stood bleak and leafless against the sky. Two days ago, snow had fallen—but the birds did not remember it. Seven hours brought him to a lonely wagon trail called Ozark lodge, because after winding among hills several miles it at last reached the clubhouse of that name overlooking the lake. He left the train in the dusk of evening, and walked briskly away the only moving figure in the wilderness.

His pace did not slacken till a gleam as of fallen sky cupped in night fringed him that the clubhouse must be near. A turn of a hill brought it into view, the windows not yet aglow. Nearer at hand was the boathouse, seemingly deserted. But as Willock, now grown wary, crept forward among the post oaks and blackjacks, well screened from observation by clink-plink masses of gray interlocked net work, he discovered two figures near the platform edging the lake. Neither was the one he sought, but from their being there, they were Edgerton Compton and Annabel—he knew Gledware could not be far away.

"No," Annabel was saying decisively and yet with an accent of regret. "No Edgerton, I can't."

"But our last boat ride," he urged. "Don't refuse me the last ride a man can take to think about all my life. I'm going away tomorrow at noon as I promised. But early in the morning."

"I have promised him," she said with lingering sadness in her voice. "So I must go with him. He has already engaged the boatman. He'll be here at 7 waiting for me. So you see."

"Annabel, I shall be here at 7 also!" he exclaimed impetuously.

"But why? I must go with him, Edgerton. You see that?"

"Then I shall row alone."

"Why would you add to my unhappiness?" she pleaded.

"I shall be here at 7," he returned grimly. "While you and he take your morning boat ride I shall row alone."

She turned from him with a sigh, and he followed her dejectedly up the path toward the clubhouse.

She had lost some of the fresh beauty which she had brought to the cove, and her step was no longer elastic; but this Willock did not notice. He gave little heed to their tones, their gestures, their looks in which love sought a thin disguise wherein it might show itself unnamed. He had seized on the vital fact that in the morning Annabel and Gledware would push off from the boathouse steps, presumably alone, and it would be early morning. Perhaps Gledware would come first to the boathouse, there to wait for Annabel. In that case he would not ride with Annabel. The lake was deep—deep as Willock's hate.

Willock passed the night in the woods, sometimes walking against time among the hills, sometimes seated on the ground brooding. The night was without breath, without coolness. Occasionally he climbed a rounded elevation from which the clubhouse was discernible. No lights twinkled among the barren trees. All in that wilder scene seemed asleep save himself. The myriad insects that sing through the spring and summer months had not yet found their voices; there was no trill of frogs, not even the hooting of an owl—no sound but his own breathing.

At break of dawn he crept into the boathouse like a shadow, barefooted, bareheaded—the clubhouse was not yet awake. He looked about the binnacle room for a hiding place. Walls, floor, ceiling were bare. Near the door opening on the lake was a rustic bench, impossible as a refuge. Only in one corner, where empty boxes and a disused skiff formed a barricade, could he hope for concealment. He glided thither, and on the floor between the dusty wall of broad boards and the jumbled partition, he found a man stretched on his back.

At first he thought he had surprised a sleeper, but as the figure did not move he decided it must be a corpse.

He would have fled but for his need of this corner. He bent down. The man was bound hand and foot. In the mouth a gag was fastened. Neck and ankles were tied to spikes in the wall.

Willock swiftly surveyed the lake,

and the sloping hill leading down from the clubhouse. Nobody was near. As he stared at the landscape the front door of the clubhouse opened. He darted back to the corner. "Pardner," he said. "I got to ask your hospitality for a spell, and if you move so as to attract attention, I got to fix you better. I didn't do this here, pardner, but you shore look like some of my handiwork in days past and gone. I'll share this corner with you for awhile, and if you don't give me away to them that's coming, I promise to set you free. That's fair, I guess. A man ain't all bad," says Brick, "as unties the knots that other men has tied, says he. Just lay still and comfortable, and we'll see what's coming."

Presently there were footsteps in the path, and to Willock's intense disappointment Gledware and Annabel came in together. They were in the midst of a conversation, and at the first few words he found it related to Lahoma. The boatman who had promi-



The Man Was Bound Hand and Foot.

ed to bring the skiff for them at 7—it developed that Gledware had no intention of doing the rowing—had not yet come. They sat down on the rustic bench, their voices distinctly audible in all parts of the small building.

"Her closest living relative," Gledware said, "is a great aunt living in Boston. I saw her as I found out who she was. I'm sure she'd suppose her lying among the trees and that it would be impossible to find her, but as soon as I learned the truth, without saying anything to her, I wrote to her great aunt. I've never seen her in a position to take care of Lahoma. I feel that I ought to place her with her own family. I got an answer about what you would expect. They'd give her a home—I told them what a respectable girl she is—fairly creditable appearance—intelligent enough. But they couldn't stand those people she lives with—criminals, you know. Annabel's high waymen, murderers! Imagine them Willock in a Boston drawing room. But you couldn't."

"No," Annabel agreed. "Don't Lahoma! And I know she'd never give him up."

"That's it. She's unmovable. She'd insist on taking him along. But he belongs to another age—a different country. He couldn't understand. He thinks when you're anything against a man the proper move is to kill 'im. He's just like an Indian—a wild beast. Wouldn't know what we meant if we talked about civilization. His religion is the knife. Well, you see, if he were out of the way, Lahoma would have her chance."

"But couldn't he be arrested?"

"That's my only hope. If he were hanged or locked up for a certain number of years Lahoma'd go east. But as long as he's at large she'll wait for him to turn up. She'll stay right there in the cove till she dies of old age if he's free to visit her at odd moments. It's her idea of fidelity, and it's true that he did take her in when she needed somebody. There's a move on foot now to arrest him for an old crime—a murder. I witnessed the deed. I'll testify if called on. Lahoma will hate me for that, but it'll be the greatest favor I could possibly do her. She knows I mean to appear against him, and she thinks me a brute. But if I can convict Willock I'll place Lahoma in a family of wealth and refinement."

He broke off with, "Wonder why that old deaf boatman doesn't come?" He walked impatiently to the head of the steps and stared out over the lake. "Somebody out there now," he exclaimed. "Oh, it's Edgerton rowing alone."

He returned to the bench, but did not sit down. "Annabel," he said abruptly. "You promised me to name the day this morning."

"Yes," she responded very faintly. "And I am sure, dear," he added in a deep resonant voice, "that in time you will come to care for me as I care for you now—you, the only woman I have ever loved. I understand about Edgerton, but you see, you couldn't marry him—in fact, he couldn't marry any body for years to come. Nothing. And these earlier attachments that we think the biggest thing in our lives—well, they just dissolve. Annabel, they dissolve, and the true perspective, I know, depends upon the way you look at it. I know it. I know it."

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can give you all you want—all you can dream of—and I'm man of the world enough to understand that happiness depends just on that—getting what you want."

Annabel started up abruptly. "I think I heard the boat scraping outside."

"Yes, he's there. Come, dear, and before the tide is ended you must name the day!"

"Don't!" she exclaimed sharply. "He!"

"He's as deaf as a post, my dear. Gledware murmured gently. "That's why I selected him. I knew we'd want to talk—I knew you'd name the day."

He helped her down the rattling boards.

Brick Willock rose softly and stole toward the opening, his eyes filled with a strange light. They no longer glared with the blood lust of a wild beast, but showed gloomy and perplexed. The words spoken concerning himself had sunk deep.

The boatman sat with his back to Gledware and Annabel. He wore a long dirty coat of light gray and a huge battered straw hat, whose wide brim hid his hair and almost covered his face. Willock, careful not to show himself, stared at the skiff as it shot out from the landing, his brow wrinkled in anxious thought. He felt strange and dizzy, and at first fancied it was because of the resolution that had taken possession of him: the resolution to return to Greer county and give himself up. This purpose, as an reasoning as his plan to kill Gledware, grew as fixed in his mind as half an hour before his other plan had been.

To go voluntarily to the sheriff, unresistingly to hold out his wrists for the handcuffs—that would indeed mark a new era in his life. "A wild Indian wouldn't do that," he mused. "nor a wild beast. I guess I understand, after all. And if that's the way to make Lahoma happy!"

No wonder he felt queer. But his light-headedness did not rise, as a matter of fact, entirely from subjective storm threatenings. There was something about that boatman now when he tilted up his head slightly and the hat failed to conceal. Was it just a shibe?

"My God," whispered Willock. "It's Red Feather!"

And Gledware, with eyes only for Annabel, finding nothing beyond her but a long gray coat, a big straw hat and two rowing arms, did not suspect the truth.

In a flash Willock comprehended all. The Indian had dropped the pin in Kimball's path, and Kimball, finding it, had carried it to Gledware as if Red Feather were dead. The Indian had led his braves against the stagecoach. Kimball had fallen under his knife. Yonder man in the corner boat and gagged, was doubtless the old deaf boatman engaged by Gledware. Red Feather had taken his place that he might row Gledware far out on the lake.

And Annabel was in the boat.

Far away from the east Edgerton Compton was in the boat, too. He had come to intervene in case the Indian attempted violence, but better able than himself to deal assistance, if the boat were overboard. Willock could, in truth, do nothing except shout a warning, and this he forbore lest it hasten the impending catastrophe. He remained therefore half hidden a crouch in the doorway, his eyes glued to the rapidly sliding boat, with its three figures clear cut against the first faint sun glow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ENDLESS CHAIN PRAYER
POSTAL CARD BARRED.

An order was issued to the clerks of the Belleville postoffice yesterday by postmaster Sopp not to deliver any more of the "Endless Chain Prayer" postal cards, many copies of which have been sent to Belleville residents lately.

Postmaster Sopp said the cards would be barred because of an implied threat of disaster to any one who "broke the chain." He said a prominent physician of Belleville had told him that several women had come to him and told him that they feared some evil because they had failed to send out copies of the prayer in accordance with the instructions on the cards.

The cards usually are signed, "A Friend," and the recipient is to send out a similar card to a friend each day for nine days. "Do not break the chain" is the warning with which the card ends.

The prayer itself is brief and simple, but the "endless chain" does NOT have the sanction of any religious body as the postmasters have been informed.

A number of Clovis people have received cards or letters containing "Ancient" or "Endless Prayers" like the one described above, and though we profess to be a thoroughly civilized and unsuperstitious people, still we experience a vague uncertain fear of some indescribable something, if we do not follow up the plan which is the unprincipled work of some fanatic.

The quicker these so-called prayers are destroyed and left unanswered, the quicker will much unreasoned fear and worry be ended.

GENERAL VICTORIANO HUERTA
OPERATED ON FOURTH TIME.

—El Paso Times.

General Victoriano Huerta was operated on again yesterday for the 4th time in a week. The operation was performed by Dr. M. Schuster, of this city, the best treating General Huerta has had.

The operation consisted of the removal of the gall bladder, similar to the operation performed last night that prevented the operation General Huerta had been operated on several times with the operation to be performed to relieve and improve was ap-

GREAT BRITAIN MORE
GUILTY THAN GERMANY.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Great Britain's guilt for violating American rights on the seas, Representative Fess, republican, of Ohio, declared in a speech in the house today, is greater than that of Germany and her allies. He did not condone the violations of either, and supported the administration's submarine policy.

"In our intense feeling against the central powers arising out of the use of the submarine," said he, "we have overlooked the attitude of Great Britain in her sweeping violation of the rights of neutrals."

"Since she took command of the sea, one hundred years ago, she has proceeded to make the rules for it. Coincident with making the rules, she has erected a navy double the size of any other nation, to enforce with special reference to her own future. In the Spanish-American war, the Boer war and in the Japanese-Russian war, England stoutly and successfully defended the rights of neutrals against undue interference. Upon the initiation of England, the famous declaration of London was adopted. This is the latest and best expression of international law in existence."

"What is the attitude of the defender of neutral rights on the sea in the light of these agreements? She has violated every one of them and in the most high-handed manner."

"She has not only repudiated all her professions, but she has shamefully ignored all the important rights the United States has stood for and has done so upon the ground that she is fighting our battles for us."

Mr. Fess stood against any embargo on munitions.

MURDERER OF HAMILTON
CAUGHT AT BEAUMONT.

—Monday's Roswell News.

A special wire received at the News office this morning from the Associated Press news sources at Beaumont, Tex., advises of the capture of a young man who confesses to the murder of D. R. Hamilton and a woman by the name of Dolores, which occurred near Palomas Springs, on November 27th. The details of this murder are fresh in the minds of most Roswell people, who knew Mr. Hamilton. Hamilton and a woman were murdered by a young man who had been engaged to care for the stock of Hamilton during his overland trip to the Black range of mountains near Albuquerque. Robbery was the motive, a large sum having been taken from the body of Hamilton. It is a well established fact that the woman was an accomplice to the murder of Hamilton, assisting the young man in the deed, and was shortly afterwards treated to the same death by the young man. The efforts of the local sheriff's department as well as that of the Sierra county authorities have been concentrated in an effort to apprehend the murderer, and it is quite likely that Beaumont officers acted on information furnished from these sources. It is thought that the young man's name was Houchins, and it is quite probable that Beaumont or its immediate vicinity was the home of the confessed murderer, as it is known that he came to this city a only a short time before he left with Hamilton.

BULL MOOSE TICKET
SURE, SAYS PERKINS.

Chicago, Jan. 10.—Members of the progressive national committee arrived here today for the committee meeting set for tomorrow, when the time and place of the progressive national convention is to be determined.

George W. Perkins, one of the early arrivals, said:

"There will certainly be a progressive national convention and a national ticket will be nominated."

Colonel Cecil Lyon, progressive national committeeman from Texas, gave his opinion of the coming campaign in a few words:

"If the republicans do not nominate Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson will be re-elected president of the United States," said Colonel Lyon.

Among the progressive committeemen who arrived are:

Arizona, Dwight B. Heard; Colorado, Clarence P. Dodge; New Mexico, Miguel A. Otero; Oklahoma, George C. Priestley.

MILLION MEN IN ARMY OR
BUST, WARNS GEN. SCOTT.

Universal Military Service Inevitable
Warrior Declares. Money Would Go Much Further. Army as Good as Any in Europe as Far as it Goes.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 10.—Major General Scott, chief of staff of the army, told the house military committee at the army bill hearing today that in the event of war, this country must have an army of one million to two million men or "accept disaster."

The chief of staff reiterated Secretary Garrison's view that if the continental army plan failed there was no escape from compulsory service. Every country at war in Europe realized that, he said, and he expressed the view that England might better have realized it sooner.

General Scott said that under a service system which laid the burden alike upon all men between 18 and 21 as a public duty, an adequate army could be maintained for what now is paid for the small standing army. He thought the pay under such a system should be merely nominal. Of the efficiency of the regular army now, he said:

"Our organizations, as far as they go, compare favorably with the troops of any foreign power."

School training was desirable, but not practical, because of lack of control by the federal government, the general thought. He believed it would not be necessary to provide additional facilities to train officers needed for the proposed mobile army of 500,000 men. The plan of the administration as a measure of self defense, he says, was not proposed in the anticipation of a war. He believed organization of the

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continental army would not interfere with recruiting for the National Guard because of the two forces would appeal to different classes of men. He added that training in the continentals would produce better soldiers than the National Guard system.

Christian & Co. INSURANCE.

BLACK LEG AMONG CATTLE.

The Disease is Reported in Many Sections of the State and is Doing Considerable Damage.

Black Leg among the cattle is reported from many sections of this state and is doing considerable damage among the cattle of the larger ranches of the state. In speaking of the disease an old cattle man who was in the city this week said:

"Black leg is a disease of young cattle characterized by bloody swelling under the skin or the fleshy part of the body. It is an infectious disease, and animals contract it from the soil or pasture, in which the seeds of the disease exist. The disease is confined almost entirely among young cattle and other species of animals are rarely ever affected."

On cutting into the swollen parts a sweetish, foul smelling gas rushes out and a bloody, frothy fluid runs from the opening, sometimes accompanied by the black, mushy, disintegrated muscle, which is forcibly blown out by the pressure of gas.

Treatment is ineffective after the disease is fully developed, and death almost invariably results. Some cattle men and veterinarians have advocated cutting into the swellings, removing and dragging the animals about, but such measures cannot be too severely

condemned. Prevention consists in vaccination of the susceptible animals and proper disposal of dead carcasses. Vaccine is manufactured by various firms and should be used on the slightest suspicion of the disease among the herd.

EXCURSIONS



SPECIAL EXCURSION

NATIONAL WESTERN STOCK
SHOW, DENVER, COL.
January 17th to 22nd.
Tickets on sale January 14, 15 and 17.
Final return limit January 24th.
ROUND TRIP TICKET \$36.65

American National Livestock Association Convention, El Paso, Texas
January 27th to 31st.
Tickets on sale Jan. 22-23, and 24th.
Final return limit January 24th.
ROUND TRIP \$25.80

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